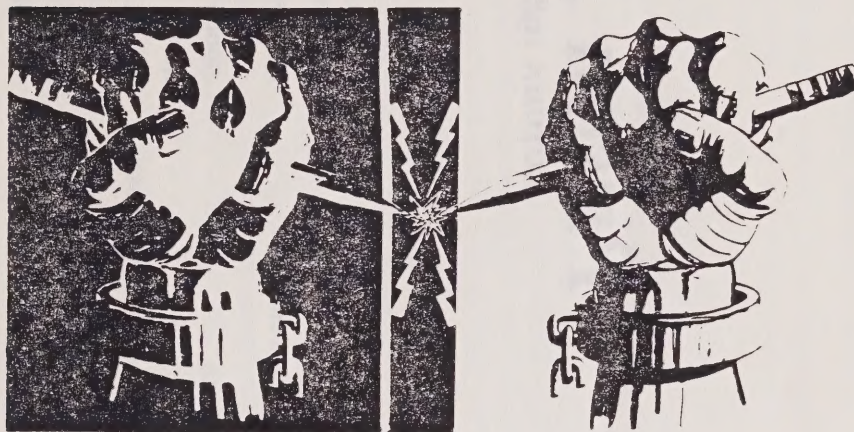


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Prison Journal



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AUTUMN 1981 NUMBER 1

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Published by the staff and students of the University of Victoria, Programs
at Matsqui, Agassiz and Metchosin.

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Prison Journal

Published twice a year—in the Spring and Autumn—by the staff and students of the University of Victoria Programs at Matsqui, Agassiz and Metchosih. Contributions, literary and financial, are welcomed and should be addressed to: The Editor, Prison Journal, University of Victoria Program at Matsqui Institution, Box 2500, Abbotsford, B.C., Canada

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Editorial

To announce the first issue of *Prison Journal* is a singular pleasure and honour. The host of complications and delays which beset any new publishing venture may, however, be too easily forgotten at this juncture. Special acknowledgements are due to Hendrik Hoekema, the University of Victoria English instructor at Matsqui Institution (and, of course, to his students who were its authors), who directed the project as far as the first galleyproofs, prior to his appointment as the Co-ordinator of the University of Victoria Program at William Head Institution.

This inaugural issue of *Prison Journal* is but the first step towards its primary goal: to create a forum for an authentic dialogue between the prison and the 'outside' world. As Frank Guiney points out in his excellent lead article, 'Poetry in Prison', the prison world is by no means as cut off from communication with the 'outside' as it once was. Consequently, the catchphrase 'prison literature' is no longer a legitimate means of categorizing the types of writing which are done by people who live in a prison. The aims of the contributors to this issue are clearly not merely self-referential or propagandistic; on the contrary, they enter debates which should be of interest to others. *Prison Journal* aims to constructively undermine the false aspects of the 'inside/outside' dichotomy, to show that we do indeed share a common language. At a time when the most influential speculations about how language works stress a 'Structuralist' approach in which words are viewed as counters in a game that is divorced from concrete reality, indeed, as some would say, from the spokesman himself, the prison serves as an inescapable reminder of some necessary counter-truths. For, although no world is so explicitly bounded by language as a prison—a 'sentence' marks the entrance, and 'parole' the exit—words in this world do undeniably refer to particular individuals. All of us are part of 'the prison-house of language' and the necessary cultural 'jail-breaks' which Margaret Atwood speaks of in her study of Canadian literature, *Survival*, cannot be effected without a sense of community, of common goals. While our contemporary literature is full of the metaphors of the prison, we often forget that the word has a very real and concrete reference and that it is only in our imaginative grasp of both the literal and literary that a truly creative dialogue can occur. To encourage this interchange *Prison Journal* welcomes contributions from writers concerned with the many issues which the prison draws into focus.

Peter Murphy
English Instructor
University of Victoria Program
at Matsqui Institution

Poetry in Prison

FRANK GUINEY

Not too many years ago, when prisons were even grimmer establishments than they are today—when life inside was eighteen hours a day lock-up in a five-by-ten cell with no plumbing, and "recreation" consisted of a twenty minute walk in a single file circle, and "conversation" was talking real low without moving your lips, and "visiting privileges" won you fifteen minutes once a month with a guard at your elbow, and the routine was shaved heads and lockstep and the silent system and bitter black tea and do-your-own-time, and Rule Thirty-Two made laughing a crime, and the "cat" and the paddle were regular reminders that punishment, silence, and solitude were the basic ingredients of repentance and reform—in those days a secret literary art form was already well established and flourishing in our prisons.

Surreptitious in its conception and furtive in its lifetime, this bit of underground culture functioned quietly for decades behind the grey walls, spreading from cell to cell, from block to block, and from memory to memory by whispered word of mouth. It was a smidgeon of free expression, a part of man that cannot be contained by shackles and bars and concrete; it was a bit of feeling, a scrap of humour, a little release that could not be stifled by the rules and regulations and punishments and deprivations of a caged world.

It was ragged; it was rough; it was cynical; it was ironic. It was funny and it was tragic. It was love and it was hate. It was the "jailhouse ballad"—the poetry of men in prison.

In every sense a truly "inside" culture medium, convict poetry was often bitter and mean, because it was written by men who were often bitter and mean; but surprisingly enough it was just as often sensitive and trenchant and beautiful.

The jailhouse ballad was composed only for other convicts. Seldom did the "square john", the outsider, encounter a real jailhouse poem, and if he

did, he could rarely feel or comprehend its impact, because the experience of the poem could not possibly relate to anything within his frame of reference. Convict irony and convict humour would go over his head and convict sensitivity would fail to penetrate his heart. The joke, the tragedy, the understanding, was ours alone, written between the lines, unspoken, subsurfaced—much in the manner we lived our lives; much like the expressionless faces we showed to our keepers.

What the outsider could fully understand:

Don't get downhearted, young fellow,
Because you don't get any mail;
The girls soon forget you are living,
They can't use a Daddy in jail.
Oh, they'll cry
And they'll say that they love you
And swear they'll be true to the end—
But the girl that don't bolt
When you're doing the jolt,
Is one-in-a-million, my friend...

Sure, the surface message expressed in those understated anonymous lines is obvious—especially to anyone who has been a loser in the love game—but only another prisoner could fully appreciate the gut-wrenching agony and despair alluded to by the unknown writer. Whoever he was, he knew exactly how to probe at a most sensitive and vulnerable place in a prisoner's heart, with precisely the right mixture of irony, humour, and poignancy.

To anyone who has “done a jolt”, that little stanza conjures the whole painful story—a story of hope and good intentions and resolutions and love and longing and broken promises; of clinging desperately to a bit of solidity in a sea of loneliness; of predicating your whole life on faith in another. It's a story of rose-coloured glasses and starry eyes shining through wire mesh screen, eyes alight with the often mistaken optimism that love conquers all. And it's the grinding frustration, the soul-killing story of the frailty of the human condition when the inexorable, debilitating CRUSH of the time tests its slender underpinnings. It's a story of bitterness and tears and insanity; of slashed wrists and hanging bodies; of broken dreams and broken men; of a shrunken world of helplessness and despair... three paces long and an arms-stretch wide.

It's an unwritten story directed to other prisoners in other five-by-tens in other restless nights.

That was the old prison poetry—for prisoners only.

How many square-johns ever heard of *The Ballad of Morphine Bill*, or *The Dope Fiends Convention*, or *Three Way May*? Or the multitude of verses scratched on the walls of holding jails across the country?

These were the real jailhouse ballads of yesterday, composed behind bars, committed to memory, and repeated in the sweatshops and work gangs for the appreciative ears of contemporaries... when the “bull” wasn't looking. If the ballads were good, they endured, were passed on, and they eventually spread from coast to coast, handed down through generations of prisoners.

But the poems remained within the bounds of the prison culture and the “rounder element”.

Once in a while an exceptional talent would attempt to “bust out”, to tell it the way it is, to try to communicate in the language of the real world; or occasionally, as in England, the rare genius of an Oscar Wilde might be thrust into the mysterious, distorted half-life of prison existence, taste of its bitterness, and then try to convey the stultifying horror of the caged and the damned to those who cannot know.

But even then, given the genius of Wilde, I wonder how many people of his time could reach deep enough into *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* to smell the disinfectant and the fear, to hear the echo of clanking steel and the eery moans of tortured sleep, to feel the real hunger-ache in a man looking up from the dankness of a concrete pit—for “that little patch of blue that prisoners call the sky.”

We knew. Because that kind of prison was part of our lives. And you can believe it; there are still Reading Gaols in this country.

Things are changing, of course, ever so slowly. Penitentiaries and jails are mostly old unwieldy monsters that seldom lend themselves easily to enlightenment and new concepts, but the prison secret, the isolated, inviolate mystery of yesterday has been breached, and there are ever widening leaks in the concrete curtain.

Prison poetry has changed with the times. Part of the reason is likely because pencils, pens and paper are no longer scarce bits of contraband, and the old oral tradition is no longer necessary to the preservation and dissemination of the poems. As a result, few prison poems are written in the style and form of the original jailhouse ballads. Prisoners today explore a much wider range of expression in their poetry.

Perhaps a more significant factor in this change is the increased contact that today's prisoners maintain with the outside world. Communication is still severely limited in many prisons, of course, but even the most backward

maximum security penitentiary in existence today allows visiting and writing privileges that would have boggled the minds of old-timers. With this limited medium of expression and communication on the increase, jailhouse poetry began to take on a new look back in the 1950's.

Prisoners who cared about such things came to realize that the feelings and ideas that they expressed on paper would now be read by people unfamiliar with the prison ethic, and that these feelings and ideas might even be more important to some outsiders.

So prisoners still write poetry; but its scope has widened, taken on new tones. Just as prisons are not as mysterious as they were thirty years ago—or even ten years ago—neither is prison poetry. And it may be that outsiders understand more and listen a bit closer and even care a little.

But the poetry of the prisons still retains a certain uniqueness, and is an art form in its own right. The form and styles are not as distinctive and easily recognizable as the old jailhouse ballads, but most of them contain a flavour and spirit by which they can be identified—at least by other prisoners.

Yesterday's jailhouse ballads are fast disappearing. No one memorizes them now. Maybe somewhere, some place, someone has compiled a collection of them for posterity; or perhaps some old-lag or lifer has a few tucked away in the dusty obsolescence of his memory—but for the most part they are probably lost forever, buried under layers of paint in city lock-ups or laid to rest in unmarked graves in the shadow of the Wall.

And if the ghosts of yesterday's legion of unknown, unsung jailhouse poets are peering over my shoulder tonight, I can only ask their forgiveness for a woeful ineptness in trying to do what they would have done much differently.

I'm sure they would understand; because there is something about a prison cell that awakens in almost everyone a craving for expression, a need to communicate (if only with one's self); an urge to spill out the pin-pointed, polarized emotion of the moment... in one way or another.

Give any prisoner a stub of pencil, a scrap of paper, and an empty, swelling ache in his chest, and something truly genuine and beautiful could someday emanate from that five-by-ten he lives in. There's steel and concrete in there; and a toilet. There's some bloody history and a multitude of sad memories; there are three walls that "steal the light and give nothing back in return"; but there is also a very human being in there, with a heart, with a soul—and with at least a few of the saving qualities of mankind.

Some of us still recall a piece of free verse (no pun intended) which circulated through the British Columbia Penitentiary about twenty years ago.

Its origin and its author are unknown to this writer but its message, certainly, will be forever contemporary. Maybe that particular jailhouse poet summed up what we are all trying to say... in one way or another:

See that guy over there?

That's me.

If you don't believe me

Go and ask him.

But don't be surprised

If he says he's you.

Incident at Vichy

DEREK MCCOOEY

In March and April 1979, members of the Institutional Theatrical Productions group (I.T.P.) staged Arthur Miller's *Incident at Vichy* at Matsqui Institution. The I.T.P. is a non-profit, theatrical organization operating semi-independently from the mainstream of institutional life since 1975. During that time it has offered *The Caretaker*, *The Homecoming*, Peter Weiss' *The Tower*, Bertolt Brecht's *Threepenny Opera* and *Vichy*. The last two productions were staged in cooperation with the University of Victoria Program at Matsqui.

From the standpoint of play director, I was initially attracted to I.T.P. by the sense of energy, intensity and commitment that was in evidence at two previous productions I had seen, and the 'Vichy' experience generously confirmed all three counts and more.

The group, of course, has a good deal going for it—most of it self-earned, some of it from an ironic spin-off of institutional life, inmates and the public image thereof. Apart from a solid tradition of interesting theatre and the sense of pride and discipline that goes along with it, there has been and, I believe remains many positive influences from without and within—people like founding member Larry Calvin, Professional-Actor-Director, Leon Pownall, and Ron Sauve to name a few.

Lower mainland theatre interests—community, university, college and professional have been very supportive. The media has been most co-operative. Less obvious, perhaps, is the interesting mix of heightened awareness, of tension, which the actors and the total company bring to their work, plus the different, yet similar awareness and tension brought to the theatre by the audience. Most acting companies dream of that kind of mutual dynamics which is automatically a part of the theatre experience before the play begins. This is not to suggest that the audience sits around in absolute terror, or that the actors are on the brink of a nervous breakdown, but there is an EDGE, an added stimulus which pulsates through the total space.

It was an incredible experience from which I learned a great deal about theatre as a craft, and myself. I have never been so emotionally spent with a production, not from the point of view of what I gave or didn't give, but from what I received from a group of remarkable people. A sense of teamwork quickly developed once rehearsals began. They helped each other, argued, bantered, "Look, if you're going to ask me THAT way, as if you wanted me to pass the goddamn soap, (bleep) it!" My deliberate choice of a stance of 'selective detachment' as a stage director posed some problems, especially in my making a connection with their rationale behind the choice of 'Incident at Vichy', a choice about which I had some private doubts. The production, however, brought out other unforeseen strengths which more than compensated.

These strengths were made evident at a forum following the last performance, where the players discussed the meaning of the play and the experience:

... The most significant realization of theatre as an art form... resulted from seeing Miller's use of an event, placed in a historical context to convey a perennial theme of the human condition... Each character was unique, and the sense of isolation, each from the others, was complete. The issues raised were as valid in 1942 as they are in 1979, and Nazi 'vulgarity' remains a reality.

... I believe that the play attempts to show that this alienation ultimately leads to the victimization of all men in that some men suffer inhumanity at the hands of other men who themselves lose their own sense of humanity in the end.

What place does theatre have in an institutional setting? Well, it might begin minimally as a curiosity, a dare or a diversion, a place to get a coffee on a Thursday night. Then comes a play, an idea, a truth, a connection that reaches out. Next, an allegiance of sorts, an excitement at the prospect of living, of acting out that truth and sharing with others in a forum where confirmation or denial is immediate. Can the residuals of self-knowledge, self-confidence, self-growth be far behind? Residuals for some, but realistically, not necessarily for all. The road is long between curiosity and self-actualization. A lifetime of macho and mystique can get in the way. But the opportunity must surely be there.

... The whole thing was one of the best experiences I've ever had. It's too bad it happened in jail.

... I discovered certain aspects of my own being that were hidden, and with this discovery the realization that I could deal with them. I exper-

ience certain emotions that were deeply hidden and long forgotten, in areas I considered to be totally dead.

... In a sense it was like watching two plays, one written by Miller dealing with the inhumanity of man towards man, and a second dealing with men who are social outcasts in their own right, but manage to rise above their situation and create art for the benefit of others.

Tarot By Lamplight

Seems like I'm sitting a lot
lately
stooped in thought,
rounded in memory,
attaching names to places
only I have been
in my dreams.

You see here and now
was made for all I am.
As I reflect I am no less
a memory in time.

Like you
I am trying to grasp
the unattainable moment,
the indifferent moment
only I can feel
only I can judge
only I can mould
into a relationship
with the self.

Thoughts, creation
a thing to the mind
that filters out the reality.
Look into me
and you will see
how it feels to be
another
only looking
for reinforcement,
recognition
that you are..

You do make a difference.
Thought eventually gets you there,
you know.

RON SAUVE

Indians Rejoice with Potlatch

BARON VON LINDBERG

A Canadian Press news release recently appeared under the above heading. The release stated that the Native Indians of Cape Mudge, British Columbia, had gathered for the first village potlatch since 1922. The news item went on to say that this Quadra Island village would become the final resting place for 160 valuable Indian artifacts including ceremonial masks, and other regalia. These artifacts are to be kept in the new \$500,000 Cape Mudge Kwakiutl Museum which is operated by the Nuyumbalees Society. These articles were finally returned to their rightful owners by the National Museum in Ottawa.

This, to the casual reader, may appear as an act of kindness and certain benevolence by the government of Canada. On closer examination, however, the reader may discover that this would be an ill conceived conclusion. To be cognizant of the fact that the Government of Canada confiscated these tribal treasures 57 years ago could lead the more astute reader to wonder why. If people could, through the miracle of a transposed time-space continuum, follow the quest of Chief Jimmy Sewid of the Kwakiutl Nation, they may begin to see some semblance of truth in this whole matter.

Let us envision for a moment the troubled thoughts of a small boy, 57 years ago, as he watched certain proceedings through a schoolhouse window. He saw many of his respected elders, men and women, tried and convicted before the Indian Agent, who also happened to serve as the local judge appointee. Many of his elders were sent to jail because they refused to forsake their culture and what was then deemed pagan rituals. He saw the sacred tribal treasures taken and shipped off to Ottawa. Reimbursement, if any, was an arbitrary pittance. Jimmy Sewid saw all of these things and remembered. He made a vow, then and there, that someday he would see the sacred treasures returned and, with their return would come the eventual restoration of his people's culture and identity.

Years passed, but the burning flame of the committed youth never died. Always there remained the vow, the desire, the ultimate quest. Eventually it led him to Ottawa some 41 years later. Is it possible for us to imagine the rightful indignation of Jimmy Sewid when some nondescript civil servants in Ottawa blatantly refused his request to view the Kwakiutl artifacts? How smug that same crowd in Ottawa must have felt some five years later when they said "If you build a museum, Jimmy Sewid, we'll give them back."

The museum was built; the Canadian government returned its ill-gotten gains; the Indians of Cape Mudge had their potlatch. For many people the story would end on this "Pollyanna note" and, eventually, with the passage of time, be forgotten. There are, however, many people who say that this is not sufficient. They feel that now is the time for the long practiced English tradition of "cultural genocide" to be fully exposed, wherever and whenever possible. With each new examination, people may eventually see the terrible conditions it fostered, the gradual destruction it caused of everything that was considered to be non-English—non-Christian—and therefore by a simple perverted logic, non-human.

There can be little argument against the thesis that the Canadian government as a de facto extension of the Crown, systematically planned the destruction of the Kwakiutl Nation, its people, and culture. Why was this "cultural genocide" necessary? There have been many answers to what is not a simple question. It appears obvious, however, that any culture which did not encompass a "God figure", thereby rejecting so-called "Christian ethics", was ill-suited to the English idea of a civilized society. Certainly, the Christian Churches after 1840 played a major role. As the divine instrument of the ultimate deity, the church gave its blessing to whatever methods that were considered necessary to convert those that were thought of as inhuman heathens.

What Victorian mind could possibly conceive of a culture that possessed social organization without a "God figure" or a political cohesion? To allow this barbaric civilization to function and by that time coexist could prove to be outright dangerous to the aspirations of the Crown. It did not take long for the Canadian Government and those groups with vested interests to act. The Victorian Church (missionaries) and Federal Government (Indian agents) felt that if the key institution of the Kwakiutl culture was destroyed, the Indians could be converted to Christianity and quickly assimilated into European style Canadian society. This unholy alliance of church and state had a further silent contributor—death. The Indian population was slowly declining due to deaths caused by the spread of European diseases. The Kwakiutl population had fallen from approximately 25,000 to less than 2000 in less than 60 years.

The conspiratorial bodies, with Crown approval, having first agreed on the necessity of a "final solution" soon decided that the key institution of the Kwakiutl culture was their potlatch. It completely dominated the Kwakiutl economic and social life. Observations had shown that the Pacific Coast Indians created their culture through the abundance of salmon and easily worked cedar trees. This enabled the Kwakiutl to build substantial villages and great sea-going canoes. They were thus able to preserve vast stocks of food for a winter of leisure and artistic creation, which produced in turn great ceremonial activity. These activities created the elaborate theatrical shows, which, with complicated transformation masks and other illusionist stage effects, spoke of the Kwakiutl's illustrious heritage. Coupled with the great feasts, these events were commonly known as the potlatch.

Thus having already decided on what course of action must be taken, the Canadian Government solicited certain documentation from its allied forces. Workers from the Church Missionary Society of England were in complete agreement when their brief was submitted which contained the following: "... In our work amongst the Indians, when converts are made, it is essential for them to absolutely promise to forego and give up their old heathen ways embracing amongst other things, the system which is commonly known as the potlatch..."

A separate brief submitted by the Indian agents said in part: "... We all have had many opportunities to thoroughly examine all phases of the potlatch, and after lengthy and intensive study our conclusion is that the good obtained from it is very small, and the evils associated with it are very great. It is a wasteful and destructive custom and creates ill-feeling, jealousy, and in most cases great poverty..."

In a combined brief the "English dominated" officials in Victoria submitted the following to Ottawa: "... All who have worked amongst the Indians, either as missionaries, government agents, medical officers, or as workers in other fields, have been extremely struck by what might be called for want of a better definition their lack of moral sensibility. They seem to lack that fine feeling we commonly call sentiment, and their ideas are very gross. They do not seem to realize for a minute the sacredness of a marriage vow; in fact they seem to treat with contempt vows of any kind..."

Having been made privy to these reports, it seems ludicrous today when we read that the government took great pains at the time to inform the people of Canada that it was considering the matter of "potlatch" from every aspect. In 1884, legislation was passed by the House of Commons banning it with the ban slated to go into effect in 1885. Sir John A. MacDonal, the same minister whose ruthless and tactless handling of the land situation on the

prairies caused the Metis rebellion, was the main architect behind the potlatch legislation. It is interesting to note, though not surprising, that in passing legislation forbidding the potlatch the Government of Canada did not publish with it the reasons for the legislation's enactment. This legislation became a part of the Indian Act which is the law governing all Indian Affairs in Canada. Under this act it became a criminal offence for any person to take part in a potlatch.

The law was most stringently enforced by the government during the early decades of the present century. It culminated with the destruction of all cultural aspects of the Kwakiutl Nation in 1922. We know from many reports that, even after this concerted effort by the government, there remained a deep-rooted resistance and evasion to change from the Indian people. Transplanted Europeans were taught an historical lesson which they should have already known from their past—complete "cultural genocide" is impossible without the total annihilation of the civilization itself.

After more than 60 years in which there were many appeals by the Indians and sympathetic people from across Canada and other nations, a new Indian Act was passed in 1951. The clause prohibiting potlatches was lifted. One of the greatest injustices perpetrated by the Government of Canada was thereby partially rectified. The stigma of the original prejudicial legislation, however, will always remain as a part of Canadian history. With the passing of the new act the Kwakiutl, guided by the wisdom of their elders did not immediately start the ceremonies again. In certain ways (which may come as a surprise to Ottawa), they had never really come to an end. Experience had taught the Indians, however, the wisdom of keeping their customs and ceremonies to themselves.

Although they no longer faced the risk of going to jail after the ban was lifted, little if any information with respect to the potlatch left the Indian villages. Even those people who lived quite close to these villages had no idea that certain traditional ceremonies had resumed. For those people who were influenced by the ramblings of Ruth Benedict in her book *Patterns of Culture*, the Kwakiutl potlatch had reached a timely and deserving death. There were some people who intuitively questioned her graphic portrayal of Kwakiutl Chiefs as virtual megalomaniacs and her conclusion that there was no "redeeming value" in the potlatch. Because of the respected position she held in the field of anthropology, however, many of her peers never questioned or disputed her opinions. James E. Hill-Tout, W.M. Halliday and scholars from similar fields reacted in their writings with a view consistent with that of Benedict. Other anthropologists and historical researchers, however, began to uncover many inaccuracies in the writings of Benedict *et al.*, and the applicable legislation of the Canadian Government, with respect

to potlatching. It appears from documented evidence that the various factions, including the Christian Churches, who denounced potlatching tried to gloss over these reported inaccuracies by assuming that their reporters had been misguided or in some instances misinformed. We are all indebted, however, to the salvaging result which was that many people felt a second more comprehensive study of the Kwakiutl potlatch should be taken. There was a general agreement on the part of these various people that any culture, or key institution to that culture, that had the ability to withstand the awesome powers of government was indeed worthy of re-examination. In this re-evaluation consideration would be given to the possibility of positive aspects to potlatching which other observers had failed to entertain. They all desired a long reiteration of a long burning question—what is a potlatch—and sought to understand it in terms of the Kwakiutl Nation and its people.

To state the matter briefly, they found that the potlatch was to a certain extent the law and regulation of the Kwakiutl Nation. The tribes within this nation at one time inhabited all of the area of the West Coast from Johnson Strait to Cape Cod and nearly all the Mainland from Douglas Channel to Bute Inlet. The word "Potlatch" was actually a Chinook word which signified a gift. The Kwakiutl word used in this connection was not "potlatch" but "passapa". To the Kwakiutl, the potlatch was their most important public ceremony. The hosts or tribal chief, with the support of his family (numina), used the potlatch for the claiming of hereditary rights and privileges and to validate crests and titles. They were also held to celebrate births, marriages, deaths, adoptions, and the coming age of young people. All matters of business were settled at potlatch gatherings and, as the Indians had no written records, all transactions were made public. The common people were therefore witnesses to the business being done or arrangements made or provided for.

This latter custom, where the common people were made privy to all governing transactions and business arrangements, must have appeared dangerous to certain Canadian officials schooled in old English traditions. We know from experience, both past and present, that elected and appointed Canadian officials transact many matters *in camera* with no official reports. In doing so, they continually allude to the "boogy man" concept, thereby excusing these *in camera* procedures as being in the best interest of the nation. To ensure some form of public support the government claims that certain individual rights are secondary when the Crown deems it necessary that disclosures may affect the internal security of the nation. These arbitrary decisions by the Canadian Government do not explain why an individual's right to secrecy is not important. They have continuously defended a policy which allows Canada's national police force the right to tap telephone

conversations—open private mail—commit theft from private homes, et cetera. This total disregard for individual rights is further compounded by the fact that, even though evidence can be collected in an illegal manner, this same evidence can be used against any person tried before a Canadian court of law. It is not surprising then that the thought of public transaction of government business and affairs was considered years ago to be a very dangerous precedent. We can now appreciate why the government considers this concept to be even more dangerous today. There are other aspects to potlatching which must have disturbed government officials, such as:

It was used as a redistributive system to other invited tribes. During these gatherings the aged, infirm and the destitute were fed and clothed by those so engaged in the giving away. After those who were invited had eaten to their satisfaction there usually remained large quantities of food which they could take back to their own villages. Many of these villages were located some distance from the host's village and this led to an additional important ecological and economic advantage with respect to the regional population. As can be seen, feasting rivalry between groups raised productivity throughout the region more than if each village feasts only its own producers. Thus, the rivalry between intervillage redistribution systems became ecologically adaptive and helped overcome the effects of localized and naturally induced production failures. The Kwakiutl Indians knew that a salmon run on a particular stream could be a failure which would threaten the survival of certain villages while their neighbors on other streams continued to catch their usual quotas. The impoverished village would therefore want to attend as many potlatches as possible, and return with as many vital supplies as they could get their host to part with, by reminding him of their own successful potlatches of years past. Intervillage potlatches thus became a savings account where the prestige acquired at one's own feast served as a tally. This banked prestige was then redeemed when the guests turned host, and sought to put themselves into the position of prestige creditor rather than a debtor. If a village failed year after year to give a potlatch, its prestige credit would disappear.

Apart from the loss of prestige a further ecological function transpired with a population shift from less productive villages to those villages with high production histories. When faced with a defeated redistributor-chief, the impoverished and unprestigious group moved to a more productive village. The potlatch, therefore, and its boastful host who displayed and gave away his wealth, acted in essence as an advertisement, in many cases, for the recruiting of an additional labor force. Knowing this, it is much easier to appreciate the function of the Kwakiutl's famous totem poles. They bore the redistributor-chief's crest, which appeared as carved mythic figures. We also

know that the title to these "crests" was validated on the basis of potlatch achievements. The larger and more ornate the totem pole, the greater the potlatch power. Hence, members of the poor villages were tempted to change their residences. A good argument can thus be made that the Kwakiutl potlatch pattern was an ecologically adaptive example of redistributive exchange.

It is extremely doubtful that members of the Canadian Government had any appreciation or, for that matter, little understanding of this aspect of potlatching. Even today many elected officials would find it difficult to grasp the subtleties of, or understand, the function of redistributive exchange. I suspect that one would have to use the term "welfare" to awaken familiarity in those members of federal and provincial government. Many of these officials, especially those who choose to use the "welfare system" as a politically expedient vehicle, seem to attach a stigma to most aspects of redistribution. One has only to talk to those people, who through necessity have accepted welfare, to fully appreciate the degradation that they are continually forced to feel. To use a recent example, one should examine the public record of Bill Vander Zalm, a Social Credit member of government in British Columbia. Here is a paramount example of a pseudo-distributor-chief whose antics seemed to be planned daily to destroy the personal pride of the infirm and the destitute. He unwittingly brought a new element to his pseudo-redistributor position. It was certainly an element that no proud Kwakiutl Chief could ever fathom. Vander Zalm's actions and eventual crowning apex could best be ascribed to those of the "village buffoon".

One should not place all the blame on government for failing to understand the Kwakiutl potlatch. Even such illustrious members of the academic community as Ruth Benedict failed to understand the potlatch. In her book *Patterns of Culture*, she portrayed Kwakiutl Chiefs as having an all-consuming passion for prestige. She sought to bring out many negative aspects especially those connected with the destruction of property. Page after page of her book is spent describing scenes where blankets, fish, oil, and other valuables are burned and coppers are thrown into the sea.

One would argue that the chiefs who competed in potlatches were motivated by the hope that they would be esteemed and praised by their peers. This is a general motivation for all humans in search of esteem and praise. To the Pennsylvania Dutch esteem and praise may depend upon conservative dress, a refusal to indulge in costly pleasures, and a discrete bank account. To the senior executive, membership in the right clubs, the choice of a proper district for the family home, and the proper schools for his off-spring may be the tally. To the career minded female, esteem and praise

may come from how she succeeds in a male dominated business world, or her expressed views on the aspirations of feminists. Members of communes may establish esteem and praise by showing deeper personal insights.

The point is that prestige and esteem are always relative to those particular areas that a culture defines as being prestigious. We may then ask the question: "What positive elements were generated by the seeking of esteem and prestige through the potlatch?" The answer could conceivably be that in the absence of coercive sanctions capable of forcing food-producers to increase their input, egalitarian societies must substitute non-coercive mechanisms. A common form used to establish higher levels of input and output is to reward the individuals' extra productive effort with prestige and esteem. The potlatches, despite their rivalrous aspect, were an ecologically adaptive and economically maximizing form of exchange.

Perhaps the least understood, but probably the most positive aspect to potlatching, was its replacement of individual violence and the collective violence we call war. We know from history that symbols such as clan, tribe, race, state, and ideology serve the survival of man by inspiring a high degree of social cooperation. They do, however, produce an increase in frustration and aggression. War can become an outlet for pent-up aggression; hence war can be seen as competitive, dangerous, glamorous, and a source of novelty. Most important, war demands resourcefulness, ingenuity, and untold financial sacrifices. There is a convincing justification that potlatches became a substitute for physical violence. Disputes or rivalries which could have led to feuds and violence were settled by the Kwakiutl people through their potlatches.

Margaret Mead, in an address to the American Anthropological Association in Chicago, 1962, stated that: "Society must find an adequate substitute for war." Why then is it impossible for the supposed intelligentsia of government to see that the destruction of property must be preferred to the loss of human life? The so called "Heathen Kwakiutl" saw that the potlatch's outlet for aggression was preferred to war, where we without our sanctimonious Christian concepts offer no alternatives. Strange as it may seem, in man's long history, potlatching was one of the very few successful substitutes for armed conflict. We know from experience that our contemporary society places the value of property far above that of human life. All one need do is study the proposal for building a "neutron bomb strike force" to be convinced. "Better a bomb that destroys human life," they say, "but leaves real property intact."

After our re-appraisal of the Kwakiutl potlatch we can better understand and have more empathy with the life-long quest of Chief Jimmy Sewid.

Hopefully there are many who share a sense of shame for what has transpired with respect to the government's treatment of the Kwakiutl Nation over the past 100 years. Can we now be more appreciative of Jimmy Sewid's culture, and see where our own European based culture lacks in so many areas? What lessons could be learned by all mankind if we could accept various cultures on our own terms, and shake loose that disastrous self-righteousness we seem to habitually employ?

Yes, Jimmy Sewid, many of us rejoiced on hearing a potlatch was held at Cape Mudge. We rejoiced but in our hearts felt that it was allowed simply as another act of federal-provincial tokenism. 100 years has done so little to eradicate the blatant forms of what may be termed "paternalism", practised by various levels of government in Canada. If we are cognizant of what is happening around this country, there can be no mistake that a treaty ignoring tokenistic, paternalistic government is still quite as active in Canada as it was 100 years ago.

The Canadian Government of Prime Minister Joe Clark advised the Queen recently not to receive an Indian delegation in London, England. This was done even though the Indians were promised by Queen Victoria special rights for: "as long as the sun shines and the rivers run." Knowing this it is easier for us to appreciate an Indian leader's statement when he said: "The Canadian Government in advising the Queen not to fulfill her special role with our people, demonstrated once again its insensitivity, its crassness, and its ignorance of our history and the Crown's intolerance in interpreting its treaties."

Possibly, the most recent example of government ineptness in dealing with Indian affairs was that shown by Bob McClelland, Health Minister of British Columbia. Recently a young Indian girl suffering from a ruptured appendix and acute peritonitis was given pain-killing drugs for stomach pain at Alert Bay's St. George Hospital. The sad result was that the young girl died because of this negligence. Alert Bay Indians demanded, rightfully so, a public inquiry into health care standards of the hospital. Impossible as it may sound, McClelland appointed an Anglican priest as a special representative to be sent to Alert Bay to rectify the situation. His justification for this was appointment was: "It has been very difficult to find a person with the right background, but his experience of native problems in remote areas, his leadership ability, and his human understanding make him the ideal person to tackle what will be a difficult and complex undertaking." No summation is necessary here, I think, for perhaps the Minister's own words speak best when one passes judgment on his capabilities and awareness.

We do wonder though, because we care, how long a government minister, who had designs, and probably still has, of being premier can justify the following. A commitment to spend millions of dollars on a "Heroin Treatment Program" that we all know will be a total disaster and, in the same breath, send a priest to Alert Bay. We could at least pay some sort of respect to a minister who would budget a few million dollars as a start in some form of repayment to the Indians of the West Coast for injustices and indignities suffered. Send the priest with his great leadership abilities to Granville Street as God's messenger to the local heroin addicts.

I congratulate and applaud you, Chief Jimmy Sewid, and I hope to visit the Cape Mudge Kwakiutl Museum some day. Your lifelong quest has not been in vain. You through your actions and the help of your people have shown many of us the meaning of pride in one's culture. Possibly I too can someday participate in your potlatch and experience the deep meaning of truth that it exemplifies.

Willow Point

I met a little lady
one happy night in summer
to the tune of "Maple Sugar"
in 1951.

She had a white angora sweater,
beautiful breasts, and
McPherson-blue eyes that said
Love me now,

and five massive
older brothers
whose eyes
had nothing to say
except

Be very, very careful
with that body, mind, and heart,
White Man.

Whiskey and you
will not be kissing, feeling, fucking
and fucking-off tomorrow,
leaving broken flowers
in the forest.

For this is our Princess,
White Man,
royalty that will not be
whiskied, felt, fucked
and fucked-over
by predators
this Maple Sugar night.
She is happy in your arms,
White Man.
She might be happy
in your bed.
You've made her blue eyes dance,
made her laugh,

brought a touch of fever
to her cheek.
Don't make her cry
for the wrong reasons
tomorrow, friend,
for we'll be here.

And she is Princess
of the Cove.

Don't use her,
White Man.
Don't tell her lies
she can believe.

Don't give her happiness
unless she keeps a little,
unless it is the kind
that lives beyond the parking lot,
survives your White Man's stiffness,

or tomorrow
you might lose it.

Don't love her
like your bill was paid.

Don't love her
if you cannot leave
a memory.,

Don't love her
just because
she asks you to.

If she must cry tomorrow,
let it be because you're gone,
not because you happened by
and lingered for a night.
If she regrets her needless
whorishness
tomorrow, so will you.

Make her love you
if you will.
Just don't make her
hate herself.

She is our Princess,
seventeen, our sister.

Kiss and feel and fuck
for love
or lust
or conquest but
first make sure
she owns a share,

and if she weeps,
she does not weep
for what was missing
before you turn the page tonight,
this Maple Sugar night.

And the fiddler sawed away
at "Maple Sugar"
one more time
for the Princess,
her brothers from the Cove,
and me.

I answered them in kind.

They watched me stroke her hair.
I touched her breast so they could see
and felt her heartbeat,
tasted whiskey
on her mouth,
and knew I could have loved her
for herself.

But she was from the Cove.

And when I left the hall
alone,
I saw them standing at the door.
They grinned and nodded,
acknowledging
my courage and my cowardice
and understood
and waved to me
the moment,
the fiddler,
and the Maple Sugar night,

and turned
to watch the Princess
begin another whiskied moment
with laughing eyes
and lovely breasts
and love for answering eyes. . . .

And at Willow Point on Sunday,
near the Maple Sugar cliff,
the Mounties checked the bodies,
two broken White Man bodies,
with faces smashed
and scrotums slashed
and the seagulls stole their eyeballs.

The cove gave up two brothers
for Ellis Monday morning,
but the youngest got a rifle
and took two Horsemen with him.
The other two
were far away
with witnesses
to swear it.

The Princess, four years later,
had forgotten me
of course
when I met her in the Broadway
blowing hoosiers for a fin.

Her eyes were still
McPherson-blue
but the laughter
long since gone,
and her breasts
were not as lovely,
and her mouth was gutter-full.

I put a quarter
in the juke box
and made the fiddler play,
and she remembered "Maple Sugar", and
came back to weep with me;
but there was no Maple Sugar,
and no Love Me in her eyes.
There was only greed and cunning,
for the light had long since died,
and her tears
were quickly price-tags
or mawkish memories
to work me for a fin or two
to feed what was not there.

The dead Princess
danced no more.

I shook my head
and kissed the gutter-mouth
and touched her breast
and found no heartbeat.

Maple Sugar
and the Princess of the Cove
were gone.

I left her then
to finish dying
with the juke box
and its lies . . .

FRANK GUINEY/1979

Fall Assizes

Two guys
arguing
about the radio
the guy
who blasted
his wife's liver out
last week
because
he suddenly realized
she owned
half his life

wants quiet
and the kid
who put six inches
of cold hunting knife
into a warm chest
for
thirty-five dollars
a chargex card
and the loan of a car
says fuck you
turn it up

he needs noise
to hear the music

his young ears
are accustomed to it

the widower
rips the wires off the wall
rips the speaker off the wall
the kid screams
like it was him
ripped off the wall

next morning
only one murderer
appeared in court

according to the radio

which was
right back up there
on the wall

like
always

FRANK GUINEY

English 121

H.D. DOLMAN

My first exposure to Charles Dickens' writing was a result of my fondness for the cinema and not as a result of any fondness for the reading of 19th century novels of social criticism. Templeton Junior High, in Vancouver, was, in those days (1948), an intensely structured institution that, in some way known only to the educators, succeeded in making beautiful things like poetry and mathematics dull. The faculty of this not very illustrious institution was proud of its mission to prepare fifteen hundred dreadful little teenagers to take their places in the dreadful world that had not yet stopped trembling from the social and economic trauma of the Second World War.

In December, 1948, while the attention of the world was focused on the Berlin Airlift and Palestine's struggle for statehood, my attention was focused on trying to feel Lucille Podovsky's right tit, while sitting in the balcony of the Orpheum theater.

We had played hooky from Mr. Cupit's English class that afternoon 31 years ago, and had sneaked through the fire exit at the rear of the theater. Mr. Cupit, whose bearing and aspect were English and pre-Victorian such that he, himself, could quite easily appear to have stepped right out of the pages of a Dickens novel, had suggested to the class that those among us who had the capacity to generate 15¢ would be well advised to attend the Orpheum and witness John Mills and Alec Guinness portray the roles of Messrs. Pip and Pocket, in the cinema version of Charles Dickens' novel, *Great Expectations*.

I had absolutely no interest in English people who had been dead for a hundred years; my major interest being that of gaining access to Lucille Podovsky's tit, which was Ukrainian and very much alive as distinguished from the celluloid images of a long-dead era which flickered on the Orpheum's screen.

Between my ever less tentative touches of Lucille's right tit, I recall some fragmentary images of a tale of an escaped convict; a young blacksmith's apprentice taking lessons on how to be a gentleman; a mad old woman in a tattered wedding gown; a cad named Drummond; a legacy and a neurotic guilt-laden solicitor named Mr. Jaggers. As the story line developed, I found myself neglecting Lucille's tit (to her feigned relief) and beginning to fixate (sic) upon the tale that reeled before us. Finally, I forgot all about her starboard Ukrainian mammary gland and was completely immersed in the work of this man, Charles Dickens, whose only other literary effort with which I was dimly familiar had something to do with the spirit of Christmas and an old miser named Scrooge.

During the next 6 months, I neglected my school work and worked, to the near exclusion of all else, to remove Lucille's bra. I failed. I also failed the ninth grade and resolved to quit school in order to get an education.

The first semester my self-discovered education program I shipped out on the Norwegi in motor vessel Nora. She was a clean and well run vessel, captained by an old buffoon who fancied himself to be a descendant of Viking warriors. Captain Bjarnson's genealogy notwithstanding, his library had the complete works of Charles Dickens:

David Copperfield, The Pickwick Papers, Oliver Twist, Nicholas Nickelby, The Mystery of Edwin Drood, A Tale of Two Cities, Bleak House, Hard Times, A Christmas Carol, Great Expectations, etc.

which he encouraged me to devour. His recommendation bore the authoritative stamp of experience and was, therefore, much more convincing than Mr. Cupit's naive academic prittle-prattling in front of a class of kids who wanted experience more than imprisonment in a classroom.

As the motor vessel Nora pitched and rolled across several seas, I pitched and rolled through the complete works of Charles Dickens.

The first time that I sailed up the Thames to berth at the East India docks, a sense of Dickens pervaded my spirit. I stepped nimbly on to British soil and immediately joined a commercial tour called "The London of Dickens." Our tour guide was a portly English gentleman of indiscernible alcoholic age, dressed in the style of Dickens' century, pleasantly drunk and an absolute authority on the life and works of Dickens. A much more cogent instructor than Mr. Cupit who had never travelled beyond Chilliwack in his life.

A full day of cavorting through the previous century left my legs, which had not yet adjusted to the absence of Nora's pitching and rolling, very sore and demanding that I give them rest. My mind, however, was not at all tired

and, before drifting off to sleep upon my pediculosis-ridden cot in a run-down hotel in Whitechapel, my mind was sprinkled with images that I had believed to have died with Dickens. All day long I had been looking at people, live 20th century people, who belong in Dickens' novels! While walking through the Inns of Court, I had seen dozens of barristers in tight, striped trousers and waistcoats of precisely the style worn by Dickens' lawyers. I saw street urchins whose aspects were precisely those of Dickens' day. Dustmen, ironmongers, butchers, schoolmasters, office boys—all out of books! Was it my imagination? Was it my youthful and naive mind pre-conditioned to Dickens' characters? I'm afraid not. Dickens was a failure as a social critic in the sense that although his criticism was valid and needed, it does not seem to have had much effect upon the English cultural phenomenon of rigid class structure. The poor people of England are still wretched and ignorant and the rich are still decadent and apathetic.

Hard Times? The assignment for this paper was *Hard Times*? I read *Hard Times* 30 years ago during my first attack of sea sickness. The book made my malady worse. It is a bad book and I just didn't want to write about it. I've lived in Dickens' England for considerable periods since that time and have read baskets full of books about England and its troubles, joys and glories. I'm a bit weary of it all. In fact, Henry, I'm a bit weary of literature. I don't know what the hell I'm doing in English 121 anyway. It's better than working in the laundry, I suppose.

In 1970, I stood in the rotunda reading room of the British Museum. I was heavily acid stoned. I had been told that if one turns 360 degrees in that room, one's eyes will fall on a quarter of a million volumes. I turned, I saw a helluva pile of books and walked out of there determined not to read any more. The 10's of thousands of brilliant people who have written millions of words in those volumes have not answered the questions that I want to be answered:

What am I?
Where did I come from?
How did I get here?
Why am I here?
Where am I going when I die?

All of those marvellous old dudes, from Cicero to Confucious; from Moses to Vonnegut; from Plato to Ram Das, have only used the agility of their minds, coupled with their very rich fantasy lives, to devise even more articulate and circuitous ways of saying they can't answer my Five Nobel Questions. I'm weary of reading. I want to make my own conclusions, based on my own observed first premises, unimpeded by the minor celestial clap-trap that

floats around the pages of *Hard Times* and other naively sentimental slop of that genre.

Actually, Jack the Ripper did more social good for the people of England than did Charles Dickens. Although Jack's indiscretions were somewhat distasteful in an immediate sense, in the long run they served as a vehicle which brought a sharply focused world spotlight upon the slums of London's East End. This publicity about the appalling conditions that prevailed only a couple of miles from the heart of the empire upon which the sun never set, led to massive slum clearing projects and, in a very direct way, the founding of the world's first school of social work and that speciality being accepted as a legitimate academic discipline. Jack the Ripper caused the first ripple of a great deal of social reform in England. Charles Dickens wrote a lot of books about the conditions under which the English people lived but what he didn't consider, if social reform was his aim, was that the literacy rate was such that his books were read only by the middle and upper classes whose decadence and apathy were such that they saw Dickens' book as a way of getting a vicarious thrill without having to expose their sensitive and delicate selves to the smells and other indignities that still prevail in the slums of England. Charles Dickens was a failure as a social pioneer. Jack the Ripper was a success.

I'll Be Home for Christmas

At Christmas
on the plain
at Koormatung
we fought the Wogs
the savage and his wife
and all the little
Woglets

and piled them high
killed them all
man, woman, child
horse, goat, dog
and all the little
doglets

and then retreated
to the Fort
at Koormatung
and opened all our Kristmas presents

Sergeant Billy got a troop train
and the captain got a watch
the Corporal got a puppy

and us unlisted men
got a tootle-talk from the Sally Ann
and a Sunshine Bag

with two pomegranates
a fried fig
and a Holy Letter
from some old broad
in Kenora, Ont
who loved us all
in green ink
chapter, line and verse

even though
we didn't love her back
which I suspect
was dried and wrinkled
anyway

At New Year's
on the plain
at Koormatung
the Corporal let us
bayonet his puppy
because

the Wogs were gone

We faced the dawn
and the battlefield
at Koormatung
and wondered
on the Wogless plain

and Sergeant Billy
asked me Happy New Year, Son
and I smiled a little
through the tears

they're all gone

He stared into the sunrise
crushed a seed between his teeth

take it easy, Son

There'll be more puppies
next year.

FRANK GUINEY

Model of Man

J. RODRIGUEZ-MELENDZ

Re-education is a mainstay of communist governments everywhere. The purpose of this educating process is to restructure a person's mode of thinking. Tart (1970:95) calls this change in perspective, or mode of thinking, an "altered state of consciousness" (ASC). The question is, of what usefulness is this? How does rethinking ourselves improve our world outlook? To answer these questions, I will review some of the work of a man I have been reading about for many years: John Cunningham Lilly, also known as the Dolphin Man.

Re-structured modes of thinking are relevant to how we perceive our environment. The reasoning is, according to Hillier, Musgrove and O'Sullivan (1972:71) that:

The cognitive schema by which we interpret the world and pre-structure our observations are increasingly seen to be the essential subject matter of science. The question is not whether the world is pre-structured but how it is pre-structured.

Another researcher, who links modes of thinking to our physical well-being is Ellerbroek (1978:95), who claims that:

Negative emotions are associated with unnecessary disturbances of bodily mechanisms, proportional to duration and intensity of the negative emotional state.

He correlates these negative emotions with incidents of heart problems, kidney disorders, high blood pressure, anxiety, gastric acidity, skin irritations, high cholesterol, and stress in general. Ellerbroek's argument is that "mind processes... are indeed part of, but only part of, getting sick or recovering" (Ellerbroek, 1978:95). Mind processes which I translate to mean specific states of consciousness.

An altered state of consciousness according to Taft (1970:95) is:

defined as (a) quantitative alteration in the overall patterns of mental functioning, such that the experiencer feels his consciousness radically different from the 'normal' way it functions. . . . (It) is not defined by a particular content of consciousness, behavior, or a physiologic change, but in terms of all patterning.

These patterns, the form-not-content basis of thought Lilly (1972:131) calls metaprograms. To illustrate this I will use the example that Tart (1970:95) mentions: LANGUAGE. A person's language structures his way-of-thinking, thus, a person who can speak several languages will find himself thinking in different modes and achieving different (read *altered*) states of consciousness (Tart, 1970:95).

Lilly's views on ACS's are the by-product of his research with dolphins (human-dolphin communication) (Lilly, 1961, 1967, 1978) and his experiments in isolation chambers (Lilly, 1968, 1972, 1972a).

The basis of his concepts is the notion that we are biological computers (biocomputers) (Lilly, 1972:130). Biocomputers that can be *programmed and metaprogrammed*: programs (or content) and metaprograms (or form) which structure our perceived environment and act as the software of the computer. The analogy with computers is not to imply that we are machines but to serve as a paradigm. Kuhn (1962) (Tart, 1970:95) defines paradigm as Super-theory:

A theoretical formulation of important data of wide enough scope that it organizes most or all of the major phenomena of its field.

Lilly sees our biocomputer as an open system with many attributes. A system with a capacity for completeness, wholeness, coherence, centralization, progressive segregation, adaptivity, stability, compatibility, as well as equipped with optimization and feedback mechanisms (Hall, Fagen, 1956). Mehrabian and Russell (1974:77) also agree with the input-output concepts of systems analysis as it relates to rates of information being fed into the biocomputer. Their thesis is that rates of information are systematically related to complex and temporal arrangements of stimuli within and across settings. Mourer (1968) also supports this perspective; he finds that consciousness:

is the operation whereby information is continuously received, evaluated, and summarized in the form of decisions, choices, and intentions which emerge as behavior.

Thus, as a result of the highly speculative nature of these definitions and systems applications, Lilly's biocomputer model-of-man, still unproven, is based on a series of assumptions which, he claims, are still to be determined experimentally.

His major concepts are those borrowed from computer technology language. Lilly talks about having: stored-program and stored-metaprogram properties; programming codes and metaprogramming language; self-programming and self-metaprogramming properties; and computer interlock (communication attributes) mechanisms. He also talks about how program-language is very important in communicating with other entities (dolphins, bio-computers, etc.). (Lilly, 1961, 1967, 1968, 1972a; Ellerbroek, 1978); and how it can profoundly affect our physical well-being. The literature on hypnosis, Lilly asserts, amply explains how suggestibility through verbal behavior can affect our consciousness and affect ASC's.

I am contending that how well we can examine our internal meta-programming processes, and adjust them, determines how adaptable we are in coping with environmental inputs.

It has been pointed out (Lilly, 1972) that the examination of our metaprogrammatic properties is an elusive task. The reason behind this is that when we communicate with other biocomputers, we enter into what is known as a *computer interlock* relationship (Lilly, 1972:158) (i.e., relational interactions) connected at levels of awareness above and below our conscious state. This makes for a holistic form of perception quite difficult to express in a two-dimensional or discrete format (like writing and talking); in addition, because the interlock is a continuous, not segmented, process, and in our rational society we tend to isolate phenomena into quantifiable units, we usually end up losing part of the message. Heisenberg put the dilemma quite clearly in his Uncertainty Principle (Hoover, 1978:125) which:

In effect states that both the position and movement of a sub-atomic particle cannot be known simultaneously since one is affected by the act of measuring the other.

So that any attempt to categorize metaprograms into one fixed behavior parameter, a psychopathological parameter for instance, or another is a fruitless attempt since programs are holistic events with an infinite amount of internal and external interpretations. Consequently, Lilly's reasonable approach to metaprogrammatic analysis based on isolating the biocomputer from all external inputs seems an agreeable proposition (Lilly, 1972:158).

Some researchers, notably Proshansky, Ittelson and Rivlin (1976, 170-181) have viewed any attempt to cope with the environment as a goal-directed

task. They postulate that man is a cognizing and goal-directed organism who, in the pursuit of his goals, will maximize his options of possible behaviors; that in doing so he rearranges his environment seeking out the optimal level of performance. This approach to a model-of-man as a goal-directed organism also precludes a computer interlock mechanism similar to Lilly's.

Feedback is an important component of the program and metaprogram thesis in that it adjusts and readjusts our levels of perception as a result of environmental inputs. Feedback being the most important attribute since it links all the mechanisms of our biocomputer with the environment.

The method of research for testing these assumptions used by Lilly was the isolation chamber (Lilly, 1972a:90): a tankful of 93-degree Fahrenheit salinated water inside a soundproof room. Inside this structure he tried to create a feedback loop with a low distortion quotient by isolating the biocomputer from the external environment. In these tanks, Lilly claims that he analyzed his own belief structures; i.e. (Keen, 1976:97):

... The way in which we program our beliefs and impose limits on what we may perceive and experience by these beliefs.

Lilly's analogy between the human brain-mind and the computer led him to formulate the biocomputer model-of-man. In his self-analysis, the transformation of belief systems into programs meant a study of (Keen, 1976:97):

... The basic programs which (are) built into the computer and the meta-programs which we impose upon the mind by conscious choice or unconscious compulsion... (trying to) discover how many of the meta-programs could be raised to the conscious level and be changed or reprogrammed.

In summary, Lilly concluded after 10 years of experimenting with the isolation tanks that (Keen, 1976:97):

Whatever one believes to be true either is true or becomes true in one's own mind, within limits to be determined experimentally and experientially. These limits are, in turn, beliefs to be transcended. The limits of one's beliefs set the boundaries for possible experience.

It was this assertion, which I understand to be his thesis, that made him postulate his model-of-man which he calls the SCHEMA OF THE BIOCOMPUTER.

Among the schematic program possibilities available to man is the all-important external-reality program, which serves as an interlock mechanism with the environment (Lilly, 1972:118):

afferent inflow	efferent outflow
program in process	cortical storage
positive experience	negative experience

Some of the underlying assumptions of this basic program are that (Lilly, 1972:3-14):

- The human brain is assumed to be an immense biocomputer. . . .
- Certain properties of the computer are known, others are yet to be found.
- Certain programs are built in, within the difficult-to-modify parts of the (macro- and micro-) structure of the brain itself.
- Programs vary in their permanence, some are apparently evanescent and erasable, others operate without apparent changes for 10's of years.
- Programs are acquirable throughout life.
- (The) computer acquires programs as its structure expands; some of these take on the appearance of built-in permanence.
- Some of the programs of the young growing computer are in the inherent genetic code. . . .
- The inherent genetic programs place the upper and lower bounds on the total real performance and on the potential performance of the computer at each instant of its lifespan.
- The human computer, within limits yet to be defined, has self-programming properties, and OTHER PERSON'S PROGRAMMING properties.
- The computer has SELF-METAPROGRAMMING properties, with limits determinable and to be determined (note: self-metaprogramming is done consciously in metacommand language. The resulting program then starts and continues below the threshold of awareness).
- The mind is to be defined as the sum total of all the programs and metaprograms of a given human computer, whether or not they are immediately elicitable, detectable, and visibly operational to the self and others: The mind-brain dichotomy is no longer necessary with this set of definitions. The mind is the sum of the programs and metaprograms, i.e. the software of the human computer.

I feel that the usefulness of Lilly's analysis lies in its optimism. He acknowledges that we may have been misled for many years at a time and consequently are in need of defense mechanisms that he defines as any (Lilly, 1972:26):

...Program or metaprogram entered upon to avoid, to hide, or to distort a deeper program or metaprogram which is too seductive or too threatening or too chaotic for the self-metaprogrammer at that particular time.

Negative programs, or defense mechanisms as Freud would call them, which eventually we can overcome through the realization that many personality traits are perceptually acquired (i.e. that is developmentally caused, not set off by immediate situational or S-R systems of behavior) (Fadiman and Frager, 1976:219). To change our programs we must raise our levels of awareness and go into the biological computer and reprogram ourselves. To raise our awareness we must not talk of facts or personality traits, but of beliefs and perceptions which can help us understand and restructure our psychic being. Optimism, thus, is seen as our ability to rise from the deepest hell one could conceive to a 'fusion with the universal mind' through the self-metaprogramming properties of our biocomputer.

Dr. J.C. Lilly's research contribution to environmental psychology theory is that in his model-of-man, he attempts to explain the *black box* which is asserted as being in between the stimulus and the response; and in that it gives us a conceptual base from which we can re-interpret our reality (Holzner, 1968:15). Reality is a structure which can be continuously transformed through the "interpretation and re-interpretation of experience" (Holzner, 1968:15).

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Poem

Temporarily defeated by time
and fate
Remorse and regret that has come
too late
Standing outside yourself
you see
What you were really meant
to be
Soon in the future there
will be time
To make up for faults
such as mine
To turn back the pages that must
be re-read
To re-phrase emotions that were
left un-said
When all is said and done
again
Think of a new life without
any pain
No tears, no waiting, no
sad good-byes
Only the new life with the
sun in the sky
Birds on wing will rejoice
with the song
That will echo in sweetness
our whole lives long
Good-bye to sadness when
again someday
We'll be rejoined, together
to stay!

B. KETCHAN

FREEDOM KEY
HANGING ON RUSTY HOOKS
LEAD WOLF PACKS
WITH DRIPPING WOUNDS
INTO THE RABID DAWN
FEEDING ON DECAYING CORPSES

MOTHER I AM SORRY
I STEPPED ON ALL THE CRACKS
BUT FATHER DIED INSTEAD

HERMAPHRODITE DREAMS
THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS
HERE ON THE MOON

THEY SAID HE WAS
A SCREAMING FAGGOT
BUT I ONLY REMEMBER
HIS TENDER SIGHS

IT IS NEAT
THE WAY HE MADE MARY PREGNANT
WITHOUT FUCKING HER
BUT WHO WANTS TO BE GOD

SPATS

Don't ask how
or even why
a spark still glows,
but it's there.
A scorpion
playing possum.

Impossible. . . .
it can't be so
not if everyone
did their job
at least that's
Skinner's theory?

Have you ever waltzed
with an angry scorpion?

DON VALOUCHE

Statement of Thomas Mason Shand

The following is a statement read to the court at New Westminster, B.C. on April 25th, 1977, by Thomas Mason Shand, prior to his sentencing taking part in a hostage-taking incident at the British Columbia Penitentiary. The incident was part of a much larger disturbance/riot in the penitentiary during which one wing was taken over by the prisoners.

.....

Mr. Shand: Your honour, I should like to read a statement that I prepared and I should hope that the court would understand that I am not referring to this courtroom or to any individual in this courtroom, that I am talking when I talk of courts across Canada. These are my own personal feelings and I hope that they won't have any effect on the sentencing of these other individuals. I'm saying something that I think has to be said. I would hate to see someone else persecuted for what I said. I have made the statement myself, I have had no help in the preparation. It's my statement. If it's all right with your honour I should like to go ahead with it.

The Court: Surely.

Mr. Shand: I have pled guilty to all these charges after spending 7 months in solitary confinement. I have come to realize the futility of preparing a proper defence against the charges laid. If I thought I stood even a slight marginal chance of receiving a fair and impartial trial, I would take this case to high court. But as other inmates before me have found out all they can expect and receive from the courts of this land is ridicule and degradation.

Here I stand before this court chained like some wild beast, with a heavy guard around me to emphasize my alleged dangerousness. One can only wonder for whose benefit all this show of security is for. I can assure the court it certainly doesn't benefit us, the accused. I should like to ask you, sir, how can any judge or jury ever be expected to believe any defence we may have put forward with this ominous cloud cast over us. We stand

before this court depicted as animals not capable of functioning in any other way than the way you have portrayed us here. How can anyone ever give us the benefit of the doubt when the courts have gone to such great extent to take any doubt away from us that there may have been?

I am going to try to explain to the court how all of this came about even though I know you have made up your minds as to what happened and what kind of people we are. Truth no longer enters into this case: if it did, others would be standing along side of us. They would not be inmates, they would be penitentiary officials charged with inciting to riot and conspiracy. But as we have seen by other court actions this will never happen because the sacred white horse must be protected at all costs. I should like now to try and explain to the court why we had to resort to taking hostages.

As most of you know by now the riot was simmering for the better part of three days before it became full scale. In this 3 days prior to the major riot not one thing was done by the administration to curb the impending riot or to alleviate the tensions that then existed. The only party trying to get things back to an even keel was the inmate committee who were met with opposition and open hostility by the administration at every turn. On the subsequent day of the riot we were working in the kitchen while a full scale riot was in process in the East Wing. It had been going full blast for some 2 hours. I still to this day do not understand why we were permitted to be out of our cells when such an explosive situation existed. One can only conclude that the administration wanted the ensuing events to take place. We were made to understand that custody was in the process of getting ready to rush the East Wing with tear gas and clubs to subdue the rioters. We knew there was also the possibility of great loss of life to our brothers because many of them were quite prepared to die for their cause. There was no doubt in our minds as to the seriousness of the situation. Things had deteriorated too far to hope for a peaceful settlement, so when we were asked to take hostages, we did because it was the only thing left to do. We then took 8 and 9 hostages, thereby creating a Mexican standoff. I should like to state here and now that at no time during the 27 hours _____ was held or the 81 hours imposed on _____ was either one subjected to ridicule, physical abuse, or idle threats. They were treated as best as the situation allowed and every precaution was taken to ensure their welfare and safety. Another myth I should like to try and dispel is that contrary to popular belief by the prison administration and the committee investigating prison violence that the inmates did in fact everything in their power to stop the riot and hostage taking long before they were ever conceived. All their pleas and requests fell on deaf ears from the solicitor general's office right on down the line.

It is my opinion that had the committee acted in any other way than they did there most certainly would have been some loss of life and they would have been derelict in their functions and duties as elected members for the inmate population. There has been much ado made of the hostage takers and the rioters and virtually nothing is said of the hostage makers and the riot creators, which can only be compared to cattle being blamed for stampeding and the cause of the stampede being left unchecked so that there may be other stampedes.

The solicitor general's component of the Public Service Alliance association has such overwhelming power that they are able to create a disturbance or a hostage taking in any maximum security penitentiary in Canada at any time they so desire. They can and have done this many times in the past and will continue to do so in the future unless drastic measures are taken to curb their awesome power. They are able to create incidents to justify higher pay and tighter security measures. What they are in fact doing is asking for a 24 hour a day lockup for all prisoners in maximum security institutions thereby eliminating all the dangers to themselves. And at the same time asking for a high risk pay when there is no longer a risk factor involved. All this is done at the expense of the inmates who are manipulated into situations and the public who must bear the brunt of this form of blackmail where the hidden message is "give us what we want, or we will set the animals loose."

It is fantastic when you consider that just 17 years ago it cost the Canadian taxpayers \$27 million to run the prison system which today costs 10 times that amount. With what result? Is the crime rate down? No! Are related training programs improved? No! As a matter of fact they have disappeared for the greater part in our maximum security institutions, leaving a large part of the population idle. The only winners in today's prisons are the guards who get higher pay and the outside contractors who build more slaughter houses. The losers are you the public who get nothing in return for your investment and inmates who will one day be coming back to your society to thank you for all that you have done for them. They will probably be so thankful that the next time you send them back for a trade and psychiatric treatment they will probably try to kill you to prevent you from doing so.

It is my honest opinion that each and every one of you knows the injustices that are committed against the inmates in your prisons. I include the more than 100 deaths which occurred in the last 5 years in the Federal prisons of which more than 80 have been attributed to suicide. But you know better than I do, nothing has been done to seek out the real reasons for these deaths or the perpetrators who committed them. Yet you sit back and wonder why there is no longer respect for the laws of the courts and

the people who make the laws of Canada are more criminal than the people they send off to prison. You have powers and authority collectively to do something about the deplorable conditions which exist in our prison system. You have created a mammoth monster which you no longer have control over.

All I am able to say in my defence is that had there been a more peaceful way to bring about the cessation of hostility we would have tried that way first. When inmates in a prison can no longer negotiate peacefully to have their complaints and grievances heard by Ottawa and the public, then they will do it violently because they know you understand violence. Sometimes we are forced into situations which we do not necessarily want to participate in but the circumstances surrounding that situation give us little or no choice but to participate.

Thank you sir.

The court: Thank you Mr. Shand.

[illegible]